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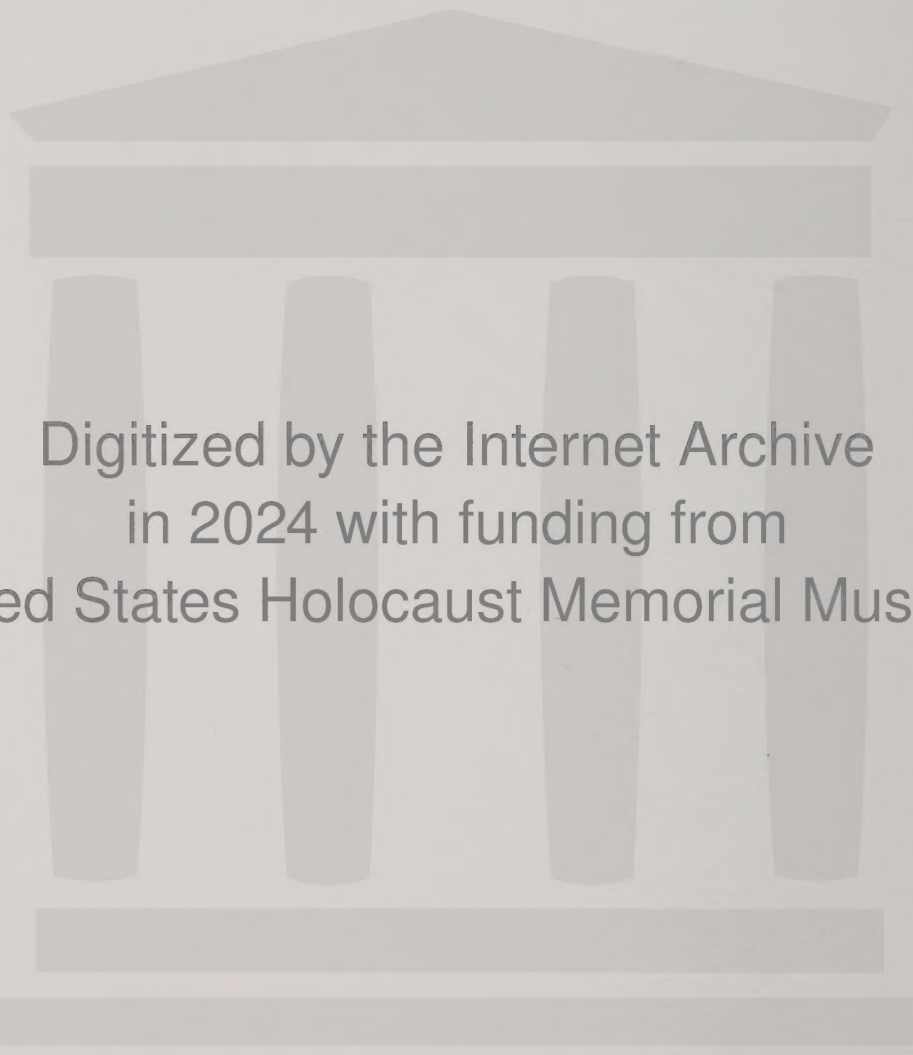
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A Legacy in Verse



Paul Bleicher



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A Legacy in Verse

by Paul Bleicher

Pavel Press
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DEDICATION

This book is in memory of my wonderful parents, Pesla and Samson Bleicher who taught me a long time ago, how to live and learn; how to endure and survive.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank my daughters Paula and Betty and their husbands Mitchell and Paul who encourage me to write and to reveal. Special thanks go to my grandchildren Megan, Michael and Hana who represent love, hope and happiness and also for being the guardians of peace and justice for all. And of course, many thanks to my dear wife Fay, who always asks me, what have I got so much to write about?

INTRODUCTION

My name is a Paul Bleicher. I am a survivor of the Holocaust. So is my wife Fay. I was born in 1920 in Poland. I refer to my past experiences in life in four stages.

Stage one is my first twenty years at home, where I grew up with my family until 1940.

Stage two represents those four and one half years of my incarceration during World War II when I was taken away from home for slave labor in Germany. I endured the most horrible conditions and hunger in the constant shadow of death. How and why I survived those several concentration camps are still a mystery to me.

Stage three is after liberation. Living as a refugee, I was given the opportunity to emigrate to the United States where I lived for thirty years in Brooklyn, New York. Happy to live in a country where I got back my dignity and freedom, I worked hard while raising a family and dreaming of a brighter future.

Now, I am at stage four. Since I retired and moved to the sunny land of Florida, I keep myself busy writing poetry, essays and short stories.

Some of my writings describe the hell I went through. Others express hope, compassion, love and happiness, while trying to bring a message to make this world a better place for all of us. Other poems are just for humor, perhaps to bring a smile to your face.

I hope you find it interesting to read. I will try to write poetry to the very end because that is the only way I understand.

PART I

THE HOLOCAUST

A SELF EVALUATION

I am trying to reveal my inner feelings, from me to you,
A feeling which is honest and true.

It will make me much stronger and better,
If I will write down this self evaluation letter.

No matter how I am good or bad,
I am always looking with hope and belief ahead.

I know my effort is to try my best,
And now I will tell you the rest.

As always, I will try to keep my spirits high,
Because otherwise, I will be doomed, that is why.

I know the time is approaching, it's getting late.
I will always push aside bigotry and hate.

Keeping my faith, I clench my fists, to make it sure,
With belief and determination, I hope, I will endure.

Anytime, anyplace, wherever I went worldwide,
I was always looking for the shiny, bright side.

In the darkest days of despair in my life,
When those Nazis almost killed me with their long knife,

When the sun was hiding behind that big cloud,
I never lost hope to survive. That's what it was all about.

I was not afraid of reaching that eternal star.
Because God was always good to me, so far.

All the riches, splendor, is of less importance to me,
As I always wanted a better person to be.

You may think otherwise, but wealth is worthless,
to make it clear,
The essential thing is having a human heart, my dear.

So anytime I happened to be anyplace,
I always approached the future with a smile on my face.

REMEMBERING MY PAST

Every day I follow the path of my life,
As I offer you my past, and so is my wife.

We are the witnesses of the most horrible war,
Of which we hope not to see anything like it anymore.

We try to keep the flame alive every day,
Reminding the world to listen to what we have to say.

To bring back the memories of those bloody years,
Of so much anguish and never ending tears.

We can not let extinguish the flame,
To leave a legacy for the future, this is our aim.

For generations to come, and to remind others,
Not to forget our mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers.
Who were condemned to death by those vicious men,
And hope those things will never happen again.

Our loss, our pain will always be with us every day,
Never to forgive those murderers, that's all we say.

Millions of people by the enemy destroyed,
Leaving behind such a big void.

With the outstretched hands in the hour of despair,
They were looking for help to come from somewhere.

The injustice was reaching high above the sky,
And we still keep asking the same question, why?

We remember what happened there, day after day,
When even God and the world looked the other way.

When finally the sun appeared, and the nightmare gone,
We felt so lonesome, like an orphan, all alone.

Free at last, but always living with the past.

I must bring this message for the world to see,
As long as we are all yearning to be free.
The torch of freedom must always be kept alive,
As we both bear witness, my wife and I.

ONCE-UPON-A-TIME

Once upon a time in my youthful days,
Life was so much different in many ways.

Happy, playful, innocent, with energy, while so young,
With love, family, friends, togetherness and so strong.

Looking forward to a brighter future in that far off land.
Our homes, our lives, always hoping to extend.

With our background, tradition, trying always to identify,
But with our neighbors, so hard, so difficult to comply.

Then came the winds of war, sweeping everything away,
Bringing for us the most horrified darkest day.

It was the onslaught of the Nazis, so brutal so frightful,
Interrupting my whole life, even going to school.

They started a Holocaust of unbelievable sufferings,
And monumental slavery,
To survive all this took a lot of bravery.

My family, my friends, my people, where are they now?
I can not believe they vanished somehow.

Their aim was a whole nation to erase,
Leaving everything in ruins, also my birthplace.

And there was so much fear on everyone's face.

I can not forget them, those innocent victims of this horrendous crime,
And I remember well how it was, once upon a time.

ANNE FRANK

A long time ago, in the days of the darkest war,
There was a young girl with a pure heart and so much more.

With her whole family, so close, so dear,
She had to live in hiding, in constant fear.

While the brutal invading soldiers were looking for them
Day by day,
They wanted to grab them and take them away.

Like a bird in a cage, locked up in a tiny nest,
She was writing in her diary, bringing out the best.

In darkness, always trying to keep a hopeful face,
Reading, writing, dreaming, in her hiding place.

She believed that people were still good at heart,
She knew good from evil, right from the start.

Trying to embrace love and peace, the only solution,
While herself, being a victim of brutal persecution.

Showing compassion, goodwill at her young age,
In history she deserves a special page.

But after two years in hiding, a young girl who had so much to tell,
She was betrayed, and sent to Bergen-Belsen, a real place of hell.

And before that long awaited liberation day,
In pain and sickness, they took her life away.

Her name was Anne Frank, a pure heart,
A real source of inspiration,
A symbol of goodness and peace,
From generation to generation.

THE EVIL REGIME

I believe in destiny, I have faith.
I believe in God, my heart is great.

I have seen so much misery, darkness and real hell,
Of which I was always hesitating to tell.

I was hoping, looking, searching for that day,
When all those bad dreams would go away.

I was a victim, a slave of this evil regime.
I saw the horror of this murderous machine.

Looking for a ray of hope in my heart to penetrate.
Salvation was almost too late.

The broken pieces of my shattered life, my pain,
Who will liberate me from the devil's domain?

But I was stubborn, I didn't loose my faith, somehow.
I said, I will have to brake the chain of slavery, now.

I was defying death, I could hardly walk and see.
I was a shadow, but my spirit was free.

Finally my prayers were answered, after those years.
Peace and liberation came, with my eyes full of tears.

I lost all my loved ones, you know how.
I am the only survivor left now.

Please God, those murderers forgive them not.

A MOTHER AND HER CHILD IN THE GHETTO

Mother dear, please tell me, why are we here?

What is this place, why can't I see a smile on your face?

Why can't I be free? Just like that bird I see,
High in the sky, please tell me why?

Why should this be?
Why are they doing those things to you and me?

Why do we have to hide?
Why is there so much hate everywhere? This is not fair.

Please tell me, I am not aware.
I promise, I will say a prayer.

I want to ask God, if I can,
To let me play with my friends again.

Where are they now?
I don't see them, somehow.

I want to play and smile, just as before.
And I will love you so much more.

Please tell me mother dear,
Why is it so dark in here?

My child, don't be afraid, be strong, you know how.
The sun will shine again, it's not too long now.

I know you are hungry and tired.
But for now, let's keep quiet.

I promise you that some day,
You will be able to go out and play.

Meanwhile dream about that bird, which you see.
And that's the way we will be.

You and me, always free.

THE HIDING PLACE

When the dark clouds of war came and spread everywhere,
It is so painful to write about it, because I was there.

The terror, the hate, spread like fire, worldwide.
My only wish was to vanish, someplace to hide.

I was denied living, the fresh air, the sunlight.
It was a constant struggle for survival, day and night.

The stricken fear of getting caught, and to show my face,
Made me crawl into spaces, and live in my hiding place.

My childhood was a series of rooftops, cellars, attics, underground any floor,
Always staying alert, afraid of any knock at the door.

We spoke in whispers, walked in bare feet.
Always striving to have something to eat.

I heard the crying, screaming, stomping of boots around the house.
Their savage, vicious yelling "ale Juden raus".

I knew what to expect, if I would be found.
I didn't dare breathe, move, or make any sound.

Never talked, I lost my own voice.
Always listening for the stomping boots or any other noise.

Friends, neighbors, taken away in the night, with so much fear,
Nobody ever came back, only to disappear.

To die was easy, to survive was an impossible task.
It's so hard for me to describe it, anytime you ask.

I don't know why and how I endured this nightmare.
It's hard to believe that I was there.

People who live normal lives, every day,
Cannot imagine that things could be so bad in such a horrible way.

It took a long time for me to reveal my past and tell,
Of my painful stroll through blood, fire and hell.

I WAS A SLAVE

I remember the time, what happened to me, then,
I was innocent of wrong doings, to any fellow man.

They were trying to exterminate my race,
implementing a final solution,
They introduced a murderous institution.
They crossed every border,
Trying to establish a new world order.
I asked for mercy, justice, but they called me a fool.
Only barbarism and brutal force, this was their rule.
They were the masters, we were the slaves.
They ruled by attrition,
We were punished by death, of any little opposition.

Those horrible days, I can not forget.
It was the biggest storm of fire, blood and sweat.

I was doomed, I could tell,
I was walking on the burning fires of Hell.
I had no right to live, this is what they used to say.
And I was praying to God, every day.
Please look around me, don't look away.
I asked for liberty, for bread.
All I saw before my eyes, was darkness and death.
The sun was hiding, no more blue sky,
Everything they told me, was a big lie.

I was building highways, bridges,
Dressed in a stripped attire,
A real slave of the devil's empire.
I don't know why, but my eyes were dry,
No more tears left to cry.
At the end, on the horizon, I saw a glimpse of light.
A bright day came back, from the darkness of night.
God came back to look after me,
And because of Him, I am now free.

MY PHOTO ALBUM

Life is like a fire from a flaming candle, a constant flickering,
a golden glow.

As it shines and dances in that upward flow.

Then my memories start to come back and roam,
Remembering the familiar sounds of my once sweet home.

Many times as my mind floats on a quiet day,
I seem to see and to hear what they want to say.

I view my photo album and I see pretty, radiant faces,
Happy smiles from all over, from many distant places.

I could hear their voices of love, clear and loud,
With kindness, compassion, trying to reach out.

Their innocent eyes, asking questions, so it would seem,
It becomes a reality, not a forgotten dream.

Their image and peaceful fulfillment will always
intertwine with my life,
So brutally and cruelly cut by the long knife.

They didn't do any harm to anyone, how could they?
I am wondering how?
If ever, my somber thoughts descend upon me now.

Embracing my heart and soul, floating across,
Never to forget of a sweet home it was.

My photo album reminds me how we played, laughed, cried,
How I used to dream, eat and sleep,
As my emotions run so deep.

Tranquil silence fills up my mind.
A meaning in my life, I am trying to find.

I turn the pages of my photo album,
With memories happy and sad,
They were all so good,
But the people around them were so bad.

Those are my memories of a once happy home.
They will always be with me, in my thoughts to roam.

OUR TESTIMONY

We are the survivors of the Holocaust and real Hell.
Each one of us has a big tragic story to tell.

It is our foremost obligation,
To leave a legacy for the next generation.

How we survived, how we came out hardly alive,
How they almost killed everyone with their long knife.

How a world could be so brutal, so rotten,
That is why this story should not be forgotten.

We can not sit still, and keep it to ourselves, thinking,
Because every year our numbers are shrinking.

All of us who witnessed this Genocide, the remaining few,
Should participate in this most important interview.

And give this testimony, telling the whole story,
I did it myself and I am not sorry.

To reveal the darkest days humanity has ever known,
To write a chapter in history, including my own.

It's crucial, to educate and to preserve this document,
To understand this horrible event, and to try to comprehend.

To learn the lesson of what happened then,
And not let history repeat itself again.

Otherwise so many innocent lives lost would be in vain,
As I am appealing to you, simply and plain.

Let the future generations judge for themselves,
Because for us it's getting late,
To see, to know the meaning of brutality and hate.

Let the sun shine as it did before.
And never see a Holocaust as ours anymore.

WE THE SURVIVORS

As the survivors of the Holocaust, we are different.
We are a special crowd.
We have this inborn fear, which is crying out so loud.

Always on our mind the unexpected comings of tomorrow,
Being so fearful for the next day,
And for any possible sorrow.

It is because we can not forget the experiences of our past,
Wondering how long it will last.

The minute we started to stand on our feet,
Our first obsession was to have enough to eat,
Visualizing the nightmares and the hunger, indeed.

Because we knew what starvation was, from back then,
Not to be a slave, and never to be hungry again.

And while we are trying to turn the history's page,
Many of us now have health problems, at this time and age.

The bitter hardships that we went through in our generation,
But for our children and grandchildren,
We now want a much better expectation.

A better future, for the kind of world we live today,
Always striving for them to find a better way.

A better place for everyone else to be,
And that's what we parents and grandparents would like to see.

While growing up there was never a time to explain,
To listen to our stories,
Always obsessed with unforeseen obstacles and worries.

But later on, as they started to understand,
We poured out our painful past to them, without an end.

With the hope they will remember what we went through
In our life, right there,
And to prevent those things from happening again,
Anytime, anywhere.

We are the survivors of the Holocaust.
We are indeed a special crowd.
We know what war and misery looks like, no doubt.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

We are all the children of God.
Many of us experienced sufferings a lot.

Born in an age in the darkest time of night,
Yearning, hoping to see on the horizon a brighter light.

Succumbing to the cruelest, vicious discrimination,
A dark chapter in our civilization.

The engraved memories are with us every day.
It will be there until we all fade away.

Over one million children murdered,
All such innocent, beautiful faces,
The devil took them away from many places.

Who will repay those who committed this horrendous crime?
Was is not the most barbarous act of all time?

God Almighty, how can a human be so wild?
How can anyone murder a child?

Nothing else was so bad,
While the world had gone mad.

Children are the future, from generation to generation.
They ought to be saved by every nation.

Let's not forget them and the place they came from.
I am trying to remind all those generations to come.

It was all because there was no love or peace,
Only vicious hate,
Why did salvation came so late?

We still don't know how to put away the gun, the knife.
It seems we forgot how to value a human life.

Let us not give up hope.
Let's pray without any delay,
So love and peace will prevail some day.

Let's save the children and always hear their laughter,
Today, tomorrow and ever after.

MY PLAYGROUND IS A BATTLEGROUND

Dark clouds are blocking the sky.
I don't see the shining sun anymore, that is why.

I want so much with my friends to play.
But I hear the explosions not too far away.

It is not a thunderstorm with lightning and rain.
It is war, which brings so much misery and pain.

The soldiers with their tanks are coming.
I have so much fear.
What they are going to do is not clear.

My playground became a battleground every day,
The smile on my face, they took away.

The fighting, the destruction, when will it stop?
Why can't they let me play and grow up?

Some of my friends lost an ear, an eye, a leg, a hand.
The purpose of all this I don't understand.

We the children ask, where is God?
So much blood, so much hate, we are suffering a lot.

I want to play with any little girl or boy.
While they want my home, my playground to destroy.

We are hungry and tired, we have no day or night.
Let the dark clouds disperse, let there be light.

The hate, the bigotry, the mistrust, are dividing us apart.
And from my playground they made a graveyard.

Give me back all my friends again.
I miss them so much, please tell me when?

Let the sun shine upon us with no more sorrow.
Perhaps I will be happy again tomorrow.

Enough of war let there be peace.
Give me back my playground please.

MISHA THE PARTISAN

Please meet Misha, he is someone you should know.
He was a partisan, a long time ago.

A real hero, who fought with strength and bravery,
Who said no to oppression and slavery.

Misha escaped from the Ghetto at the last minute,
Where his whole family was killed, and everyone in it.

He was the only one who survived this horrible nightmare,
Running away from this place, right there.

He joined the partisans in the forest,
A life so rough and strange,
And swore on the enemy to take his revenge.

He blew up bridges, railroads, ammunition dumps,
Inflicting on them a heavy toll.
He said this is for my people, for the memory of all.

Deep in the forest, always on the run,
He forgot many times about the shining sun.

When he was longing for his people, his mind away so far,
He played a lonely tune on his guitar.

A melody so heart breaking, so sad,
A tune which he will never forget.

He fought in any kind of weather, hot or cold.
This struggle must never be forgotten, it must be told.

Misha was a fierce freedom fighter, never at ease,
He hoped for the day when there will be peace.

Finally the enemy was crushed, and Misha was free again,
And now he hopes that peace will prevail for all men.

WAR NO MORE

I would like to know, tell me please.
Which is better, war or peace?

Tell me also, about love and hate.
But for your answer, I can not wait.

I would like to give you my own advice.
It is always better, to be fair and nice.

And education, knowledge, freedom, are real power,
To achieve it, this is my call of the hour.

So let's make peace, let's abolish war,
Misery, hate, slavery, not anymore.

We had enough of it, with blood, tears and fears.
Let's chase away those dark days of unknown

Let's not bring back the days of mistrust and hate.
Let's do something before it's too late.

This is my honest, yearning desire.
Let's stop the spreading fire.

Once they used and abused me with so much pain.
I was not able to think, they numbed my brain.

They denied my freedom, making me a slave.
I never knew how some people could behave.

But at the end I saw God's grace.
And I got back the smile on my face.

I will always be happy to share with you my life.
So let's throw away the weapons, the gun, the knife.

Let's cross the Golden Bridge together.
You know there is nothing better.

Nothing and no one will pull us apart.
Because peace and love come straight from your heart.

This is my message, and that's the way I feel.
I think for you and me this is the best deal.

SLAVERY

I walk aimlessly in pain,
With piercing thoughts in my brain.

Looking up at that darkened sky,
I ask myself, will I live or will I die?

For me there is no day or night,
The grim reality dims my sight.

And as the days and the hours pass,
My only wish is to lay down on that grass.

I don't get to sit on a chair.
I don't breathe fresh air.

I have to follow their command right away,
Otherwise I will not see another day.

I am only a number. I forgot how to behave.
I am not human. I am their slave.

I feel my world is falling apart,
Brutality, humiliation, hate, is their art.

Like the monster standing at the gates of Hell,
Their cruelty, we must expose, we must tell.

Oh dear God, how could You let those beasts rule?
They invented the most murderous tool.

They wanted to enslave everyone, including me.
I was praying to You daily, to let me be free.

Finally You listened to my prayer, while at the gate.
A little while longer it would have been too late.

They killed so many of Your children, day by day.
I think You must have been looking the other way.

Please don't let those tyrants come back, ever.
Put them where they belong, forever.

History will not forgive them, for what they have done.
And see to it that slavery is abolished for everyone.

AUSHWITZ

There is a place in this world called Aushwitz,
The most horrible one, anytime, anywhere.
The devil discovered it.
You had to see it, to believe what happened there.

A real place of hell and so much more,
It was during that terrible war.

Impossible to imagine, to comprehend,
It was the lowest of human behavior, the real end.

Now a silent sky, the smoke is gone somewhere.
But there are witnesses who were there.

My voice trembles when I talk about it.
My hands are shaking when I write about it.
It is unbelievable to read about it.

Men, women, children, arriving in cattle trains from all over,
Suffering so much misery and humiliation.
No one suspected that this was their final destination.

The fire of this hell was burning bright,
Without a stop, day and night.

All this happened in this century, in our age.
This will remain history's darkest page.

Now when you go there, you will see a mountain of
Clothes, shoes, human hair, eyeglasses, toys,
dolls with which children used to play,
You are standing there watching, afraid of something to say.

There is no explanation except to condemn those murderers forever.
And see to it that those things will not happen again ever.

There is no punishment for this brutality, for this crime,
A Holocaust, the most horrible thing of all time.

OUR SHATTERED LIVES

We the survivors of the Holocaust have a special obligation,
To leave a legacy for each coming generation.

About our shattered lives in the Ghettos, concentration camps,
Those several years,
While enduring so much misery, slavery,
Shedding many tears.

Our families killed, whole communities lost,
With such a rich background.
No place else a tradition as ours could be found.

At a time of complete absence of human values, insanity,
Destroyed our cultural life and our identity.

Abandoned by the whole world, left to die,
We still keep asking the same question, why?

A million children killed, who can describe their pain?
With them humanity, the whole world, could have much to gain.

Their aim was to eradicate a whole nation,
It was not a mystery,
Never before perpetrated by anyone in history.

Almost everyone was ready to sell the Jews, to betray,
It happened at a time when even God looked away.

But we never lost our belief, our faith,
While salvation came almost too late.

We rose from the ashes, breaking the chains of slavery,
And we showed the world that we still have bravery.

Deciding to live as free people in our own land,
With determination to continue, to proceed, to learn,
And to understand.

To restore our shattered lives and a better future,
For which we must pray.
But we will never forget what happened to us
The other day.

IN SEARCH OF FREEDOM

The goal for peace is sought by many, as you can see.
While violence and war, once affected me.

Seeking the narrow path in search of freedom, taken away.
Listening to the sound of hope, which might come, one day.

My senses immersed in just one thought to obtain.
How to get my freedom back, how to end the pain.

I see the distant sun, which is trying warm me.
As if it could be reached by climbing the highest tree.

If I could only have wings, to be free.

But the cold winds, biting my flesh in the winter chill.
Trying to subdue me, to brake my will.

I could not find my freedom, it was gone very far.
In the darkest night, looking for the invisible star.

Yet as I was trying to stand unfeeling a little longer,
My stubborn will floating freely, became stronger.

I said I must conquer death, forever more,
I must reach the freedom's door.

This was my revolt, trying my oppressors to identify,
To disperse the dark clouds, to see again the blue sky.

Hope was with me, to abandon it, I would not dare,
After all, freedom is for all, which is only fair.

This was a time of slavery and misery, many years ago.
Telling you how it was, I just wanted you to know.

Oh sweet freedom, it must be preserved,
It is a God given right,
Never let it go.
Keep it with all your might.

PRAYING FOR PEACE

Many years ago I decided to sail across the sea,
Into a new world, where I wanted to be.

Running away from that brutal land,
Where I lost all my dearest ones so hard to comprehend.

I will never forget that horrible war.
That is why now I value and cherish my freedom,
More and more.

Arriving in the U.S. meant starting a new life for me.
Most of all there was hope and the feeling of being free.

Things which were denied to me before,
Which I could not see there anymore.

In the beginning after settling here,
I had real nightmares, a lot of fear.

I could not forget those horrible things.
But now I know what happiness brings.

Yes, this could be a beautiful world indeed,
But some people are spreading hate and greed.

Their only desire is to spread the flame of fire.

It is the legacy of love and freedom for us who care,
Giving of yourself, to each one of us, to share.

To put away the gun, the sword,
To whisper to each other a kind word.

For as long as there is night and day,
For love, peace and happiness we must pray.

PART II

HOPE & HAPPINESS

WHY DO I WRITE?

I started to write poems, essays, short stories, several years ago,
The main purpose, the text, of which I didn't know.

But as I was not getting any younger,
The urge to do it was getting stronger.

I felt I must bring out a message of hope, love, humor,
And to reveal my past,
To face the world with the truth, and to be free at last.
First I brought out my own story,
About my life, love, family and glory.

Also about my darkest days, with so much despair,
No one can deny it, because I was there.

Witnessing the dark forces, with so much oppression,
And finally the victory over aggression.

And with the help of God I did survive somehow.
That is why I feel I must write about it now.

To me this was an indisputable obligation,
To recall those memories, which must remain in each generation.

I had to begin to write about it someday.
I didn't know any other way.

I hope my message is clear, easy to understand.
I hope to continue to the very end.

To enhance life with humor and making someone smile,
It is my wish, it is my style.

I believe in it, that is why,
To bring the sunshine to everyone, from the sky.

Wherever I went, every time, in every place,
I tried not to lose the smile on my face.

And this kept me going, and my will to fight,
And now you know the reason why I write.

A PERSONAL VIEW

I feel like writing and giving you my personal view,
About things in this world, which is nothing new.

And as usual writing for me means words to rhyme.
This is how I occupy most of my time.

You hear and you see what is going on around you every day.
So I felt, I also wanted something about it to say.

Since I grew up I saw how people waged war against one another,
With slavery and hard labor,
Now it is very essential to respect and live in peace
With your neighbor.

Is it our nature to impose, to rule, to dominate,
When someone else is deciding your fate?

Is it not better to live in harmony, to enjoy life?
We don't have to live by the gun and the knife.

Think how much easier and safer this world would be,
If we all would show love among us, including you and me.

I would appreciate very much if you would take this into consideration,
Because we have to show the meaning of life to the next generation.

It is obvious, you see what is going on right now.
We are still fighting each other forgetting love somehow.

This is not how it should be, don't you see?
Every human being has a right to be free.

I know in life there is always sunshine and rain.
But why cause so much misery and pain?

Happiness and kindness has to come from your heart.
And nothing else should take us apart.

As for me, since I am getting old,
I feel my own viewpoint has to be told.

I am expressing my own beliefs, my personal view.
And now let me hear a comment directly from you.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

Do you believe in the power of God
Who helps us a lot?

No matter where you are, anywhere,
You can be sure God is there.

Then with thanks, gratitude, you will say with glee,
Only love, mercy and compassion you will see.

And now what I really want to say,
There was a time for me, when God looked the other way.

When only darkness, the abyss, that's all I could see.
It was the time of great distress and pain for me.

And as hope and the will to live left my heart,
I turned to God with prayer, doing my part.

And then a miracle came, bringing sunshine on this day.
And God saved my life, that's all I can say.

Look at us, we are all like many fish in deep water.
Why should we be angry and fight each other?

It is time to say for us "let's get rid of that".
Let's put hands on our shoulders, with a loving pat.

So now as we live and consume our daily bread,
Why not say thank you God, and believe instead?

THE RISING SUN

When the sun rises slowly over the horizon with its majestic glare,
It brings a new day, a new beginning, bright and fair.

A new dawn has started and there is freedom in the air.

The birds are singing their song here and there.
People are starting to smile everywhere.

The sun gives energy to all living things.
That's how it always was and that's how life begins.

Without the sun, life would be empty and so dull.
The trees, the flowers would not grow at all.

The lakes would vanish and the rivers would not flow,
As the ice in the mountains would not thaw.

There would not be any fish in the oceans,
No birds in the air, and no animals in the wild.
You would hardly hear the laughter of a child.

Without the sun it would be a nuclear winter like an empty stage.
The world would certainly return to the Ice Age.

Remember we need the sun to keep all things alive and to go on.
Without it there is no fun.

So be glad when the sun is always following you.
You are feeling much happier, just like new.

The future will be brighter for all of us including you and me.
And that's the way to be, always free.

ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

I am standing on top of the mountain, up there so high.
I am facing with wonder the majestic sky.

I am reaching the clouds so close, so near.
There is no sound I could hear, and the air is so clear.

I am wrapped in silence, in everlasting span of space,
Surrounded, engulfed by this magnificent place.

I am puzzled, my thoughts are far away.
The sun is rising, bringing another day.

I feel no anguish, no pain,
Only beauty and my feelings to restrain.

The bizarre, restless world is located somewhere,
But I am up here in that pure silent atmosphere.

No anger, no hate is crossing my mind,
Peace and tranquility, it's here where I can find.

All the troubles and bad dreams I left behind.

A cool wind, a gentle breeze is touching my face.
I feel like, I am suspended in space.

I am standing on that mountain, right here,
With my thoughts so far yet so near.

No more hate, no more wars, no more fear.

The only sound is my whispering voice.
There is no other noise.

I feel so humble, yet so big, so tall.
Please God, let there be peace, love and justice for all.

WRITING POWER

They say the power of writing every word,
Is much mightier than the sword.

It is a powerful tool the writing pen,
Describing the good and the bad, now and then.

Since the beginning of time, when people started to write,
Darkness was replaced by an eternal light.

The power of every written word before your eyes,
Can bring out the real truth or simple lies.

Sometimes a signature with intentions good or bad,
Can make the difference between life and death.

By the stroke of a pen and the power of the written word,
Can bring peace and tranquility, without using the sword.

A visible sign of a language as never before,
It could stop fighting or it could start a war.

The image of writing started in caves, on walls, long ago,
As we are trying to understand it's character to know.
The Ten Commandments gave us laws how to conduct our life,
By disregarding it now we see so much strife.

And in our own land the best written resolution,
Was The United States Constitution.
Guaranteeing freedom and liberty for all,
As historical written document,
For the whole world to learn and understand.

Sometimes people are trying to rewrite history by false allegations,
Imagining and inventing all kinds of accusations.

Therefore we must always be alert to avoid
misunderstandings here and there,
Only by describing the real truth can there be peace everywhere.

So the power of writing can always help us in a positive way,
As we are going forward with our lives day by day.

THOUGHTS OF TODAY

The days and nights are passing us by,
Under the same majestic sky.

Life around us is going so fast.
Never forget the memories of the past.

Remember the time which was well spent,
And now you must grasp every moment.

This was yesterday, many times with sorrow,
So think of today and a better tomorrow.

Think of the sunshine which will surely appear,
A cloudless sky, the atmosphere so clear.

So always will, with hope and pride,
As happiness is walking by your side.

Discover new offerings, new delights,
It will bring better days and nights.

Always look up, not down below,
And you will see colorful rainbows, this I know.

The trees, the rivers, the mountains, a splendid view,
You will admire and breathe the freedom anew.

Somewhat you will see this world is so great,
But above all you will keep your faith.

Nothing is perfect, have it on your mind,
But when you look for it then it's easier to find.

We the people must know how to live and get along,
Then our love will be so strong.

This is what I always wanted to convey,
Those are my thoughts of today.

And now let me hear what you have to say.

HAPPINESS

The definition of happiness is crystal clear.
It is the absence of it which brings us so much fear.

To be happy means to achieve something with satisfaction,
When you are doing the right thing, taking the right action.

Happiness is a two way street; you love me and I love you.
It always was that way, it's nothing new.

Happiness is everyone's sunshine along life's pathway,
When you share your smiles with others every day.

No matter how you find it, big or small,
Happiness has the same meaning to all.

To be constantly happy is everybody's endeavor.
It means there is love and compassion forever.

It is stronger than life itself, with eternal power,
Like the sun, giving life to a beautiful flower.

Without love there is no future in the years ahead,
Bringing hate, destruction, slavery and dread.

That is why everybody is entitled to happiness in life.
But first we will have to throw away the gun, and the knife.

Since the beginning of time when there was no love or happiness,
There was no peace, indeed.
So let's pray to God to give us the blessings we need.

To bring us health and happiness for you and me,
And I have no other things to ask for, don't you see?

When there is love, a happy face will brighten your day.
I would rather see people always happy and gay.

Brotherhood and understanding all the way.

So please, listen to my advice.

To avoid unnecessary hatred and sorrow,

And I am sure yours will be a brighter tomorrow.

THE MEANING OF LOVE

Love means hope, happiness to all people everywhere.
It brings peace, tranquility, here and there.

When there is love, there is compassion from the start.
You display mercy, eagerness to help, a warm heart.

Without love, life is empty, as the days go by.
With love there is always a rainbow in the sky.

People with love are full of gratification.
They are always showing willingness and appreciation.

Love is to trust, to believe, to bring a glowing light.
Love is sharing the promise of the future, day and night.

I once loved so much my family, my parents, my home,
Our histories past,
The heritage, their love, their remembrance is a must.

I love my wife, the children, grandchildren, relatives and friends,
I love having joy and all night to dance.

I love music, singing, it is like the sound of a bell.
I also love laughter and jokes to tell.

I love to sail the blue oceans, to travel, safe and sound.
I love to see colorful flowers all around.

I love to see people always happy and gay.
I love to see children running around and play.

I love to relax, to read, to watch TV.
To proceed with my hobby, to wash dishes, that's me.

I love to enjoy sunshine with good health, for which we must pray,
And I love to see peace around the world every day.

THE MORNING SUN

After the dark clouds disperse during the night,
Twilight comes early, starting with a ray of light.

It is the beginning of a new day.
Since creation it always has been the same way.

Then slowly the golden sun appears on the horizon
to brighten your eyes,
A source of life to all creatures under the skies.

The sun is there to greet you, to bring you some cheers,
Never missed a day, not even in a billion years.

So let the sunshine into your heart and pour your love out.
It will enlighten your day, no doubt.

Rejoice while the sun shines upon you,
Because everything remains the same, nothing is new.

And when the sun retreats from the western sky,
Preparing slowly for the next mornings try.

Bringing out the dim lights from afar,
You recognize the shiny, sparkling evening star.

For the day is done, darkness is back, consuming light,
The sun appears someplace else, while here is night.

And the silvery moon is passing us by,
It is the rule of the everlasting sky.

Prepare yourself for the crack of dawn and with God's grace,
The sun will greet you again tomorrow with a smile on your face.

Be happy to be able to meet another day,
Because it always was and always will be the same way.

LOVE AND HATE

Some people are born not to love but to hate others,
Even their own parents, sisters or brothers.

They grow up vicious, without a smile,
While hurting other people once in a while.

Later on they show their ignorance in their adult state.
They seldom know the difference between love and hate.
For them salvation is almost too late.

God created His children in all shades, which is not bad,
And they all bleed in the same color red.
But some of His people are becoming so mad.

They cause others so much pain and death.

Why is hate so strong, so blind?
Why does this poison creep into some people's mind?

You have a different skin, you don't talk like me.
Is this a reason to hate, because of what I hear and see?

Don't we all want this world a better place to be?

From all this hate and madness people suffer like never before.
It would be a blessing not to have it anymore.

Because it leads to only one thing, war.

Hate comes from your mind but love comes from your heart.
So let's stop hating each other, let's have a good start.

Don't show a vicious face, it is not in the best of style.
You look so pretty when you smile.

Get rid of that hate, that's the clue.
This is nothing new.

It is so easy to say I love you.

KEEP YOUR SPIRITS HIGH

As I watch the world in deep concern, I wonder,
There are so many things to appreciate and to ponder.

While life has to offer the best to all indeed,
Yet there is so much lust, hate and greed.

Where does this behavior come from you might ask?
To correct it seems to be an impossible task.

Just look around you, and a dark shadow might appear,
You walk through the day with anxiety and fear.

Crossing the highest mountains, the deepest valley,
You had your say always trying anew.
But there are those who will try to take it away from you.

What comes to my mind is the uncertainty, how to embrace,
How to find humanity, with dignity and grace.

Our positive attitude is most important.,
Many times so hard to find.
What we all need is true love and peace of mind.

Let's pick up the torch of freedom and hold it high up to the sun,
Because this is our priority number one.

May your heart embrace love without any doubts or fears,
May tomorrow's dreams come true, without any bitter tears.

May those ever lasting memories of yesterday good or bad,
Bring us a future of true peace on the road ahead.

Let your heart which you trust and lean upon, be strong,
And I am sure you will walk with confidence as you walk along.

So keep your spirits high,
And you might see a colorful rainbow in the sky.

And don't forget, we all depend and need each other,
That is why.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

On top of the mountain he just stood there,
He was only one,
Proud, majestic, worshipping the rising sun.

His voice so powerful, so loud, so strong,
He knew his ancestors were there, and where they belong.

The echo came from everywhere, all around,
You could hear him for miles, this heavenly sound.

His skin is wrinkled, he is already old,
Red and shinny in the sun, but pure like gold.

He asked the holy spirits for help without an end,
Why those men came to take away his land?

He was always here and he was always free,
In this whole land from sea to shining sea.

And now he is asking, he wants to know,
Why he must leave everything and go.

What kind of people are they, those with a pale skin?
Their minds are evil, they are committing a sin.

Where did they come from? They were never here,
And now they came, bringing only fear.

Like a eagle in the morning light he knew he was right,
With all his might, he will fight.

He was trying to defend himself like he did before,
But they are coming anyway more and more.

Helpless, resigned, but keeping his head high,
He would never cry and he asks the spirits, why?

Perhaps they are angry for what he did was wrong,
He always offered thanks to them, with a humble song.

Now he was shouting, waiting for a spiritual sign,
Saying with pride, this land of The Rising Sun, is mine.

I LOVE ANIMALS

I am a lover of animals, all over the world,
Wherever they are,
And I admire them anyplace, near or far.

I like to talk to them don't you see?
And they talk back to me.

I would like to see animals roaming around free.
Because that's the way they should be.

I hate to see them in cages, in the zoo,
They want their freedom, which is true.

They know I am always their best friend,
I know how they feel, do you understand?

I am for the prevention of cruelty to all animals.
And those who are hurting them, I call criminals.

If you have in your house a dog, a cat, or any pet,
A fish, a bird, or any other animal you can get.

Treat them with love and be to them kind.
If you treat them bad, you have an evil mind.

Some people abuse domestic animals, like a horse.
They are selfish and cruel, of course.

And there is no bigger fool when someone is hurting
a mule, using any kind of a tool.

When I look up in the sky and I see a bird or even a butterfly,
Or just a flying by dove,
Then my heart is filled with love.

When I hear the birds sing in the morning sun,
Then I know what it means to have fun.

A world without animals would be no fun at all.
Life would be empty and dull.

But one thing I don't want you to forget my dear,
Love other people not less than you would love animals.
Is that clear?

JUST ANOTHER DAY

Coming out the door into my hall,
Today we will wander slowly down the mall,
Just another day another stroll.

Greeting, waving to my neighbors, trying to say,
Hoping this will bring us a nice day.

Searching, looking up for the blue sky,
With a bright smile as our hopes are high.

Trying to move our legs as much as we can,
Oh, to be young at heart, to be young again.

But soon we are getting tired, while trying our best,
Looking for a bench to sit, to rest.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, those are our seasons,
To be happy, to have a little joy, those are the reasons.

Walking around from place to place,
Always looking to find a friendly face.

When we buy we always pay with a smile,
Grabbing a bargain once in a while.

So that is how the time flies by,
Getting someone a gift, you know why.

On the way home we are stopping someplace for a bite,
There is no time for quarrelling or fight.

With a sigh we are coming back from the mall,
Up the elevator to the 8th floor, and into my hall.

With health and good blessings from above,
I am offering you only happiness and love.

JUST A LITTLE NOTE

Ladies and Gentlemen, just a little note,
About all the poems, essays, short stories, which I wrote.

In all fairness and differences between you and me,
On one thing I must agree.

The Pulitzer prize or the Nobel prize for literature,
I don't expect,
But when you read those, something you might detect.

Some people will like it, some will not,
And I say, that's how I am, and this what I got.

You see, everything is done in a certain place and certain time,
And some things are worth more than just a dime.

I like what I do among other things, somehow,
Perhaps I will become famous fifty years from now.

Meanwhile I would like your opinion of what you read and see,
And if you don't mind, please tell me.

I would like to hear it, I would like to know,
If you don't like it, I will close my show, it's yes or no.

I can not always be sad,
To me this is very bad.

That's why I am happy to see you smile,
Even though things are not so perfect once in a while.

Don't you see?
Everything else is of very little importance to me.

So meanwhile stay happy and healthy,
No matter whether you are poor or wealthy.

You know what I am saying is true,
When you smile the whole world smiles with you.

So open up your mouth and show what you can do.
Don't wait until someone gives you a tickle to laugh it up,
This is the one thing you should never stop.

I AM SELFISH

I am a selfish man.
I don't want to help anyone never,
Not even now and then.

I only care for myself, that's it.
And for anyone else, nothing, not even a bit.

If I see someone is hurting, calling for help today,
I pretend I am deaf and I look the other way.

I pretend I am blind, I don't see.
I say oh well, those things don't concern me.

When someone asks me for help, or anything, give or take,
I say right away why don't you jump in the lake.

It doesn't make me angry,
If some people are hungry.

Who wants to know if they have nothing to eat.
Or if they have no clothes, or shoes on their feet.

I say to myself who cares?
As long as I have shoes a hundred pairs.

I look out for myself, whatever I do.
This is my nature, this is true.

Don't tell me your problems.
I don't want to hear.
I am selfish, is that clear?

I am ignoring the needs of other people, small or big.
And I don't care if they call me a selfish pig.

What can I say?
I don't know any other way.

But many times I think, many things to ponder,
Maybe I should change, I wonder.

We depend and need each other, this is true,
But for me this would be something new.

This is the question, I ask myself today.
Perhaps I am wrong, perhaps there is a better way.

THE FIRST 100 YEARS

Constantly I realize and I am told,
That it's not so easy to reach 100 years old.

It is so hard to reach that goal, no doubt.
But afterwards, there is nothing to worry about.

At first, when I hear a newborn baby cry,
I know perfectly and understand why.

Because we all know about what is life?
It is an uphill battle, a constant strife.

A mother is working hard before this baby gets to be 5.

Then when you are a teenager around 15,
You better get some education, if you know what I mean.

And by the time you get to be around 25,
You start choosing what to do with your life.

And probably when you reach around 35,
You start your own family with your wife.

You start building a future, a promise to uphold,
Because the energy is still there, when you are 45 years old.

Then by 55 you reached the stage when it is middle age.

By 65 after being through cold winters and summers hot like fire,
You start thinking that it is time to retire.

By 75 you recall the time when you were so young.
You did many things because you were so strong.

By 85 you learned the lesson about your life.
And by 95 you deserve a medal, if you survive.

There is no question, it's almost impossible to be 105.

They all say it is so hard to reach the first 100 years.
But when you reach it, you deserve lots of cheers.
So put away your worries, no use to shed any tears.

WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR?

In my recent years of maturity and retirement,
I am thinking more and more.
I ask myself the same question, what am I looking for?

Considerably no doubt, I slowed down my pace.
I learned how to bear my daily life with grace.

Getting older, perhaps wiser, bit by bit,
I must try to make the most and best of it.

I can't escape the truth of my survival, in the past years,
Recalling very well the days with bittersweet tears.

As I survey the adversity and teeming of a human scene,
Life was always a struggle for me, if you know what I mean.

Experience in life means a lot,
Either you use it, or not.

Presently indulging myself in leisure time, I must pray,
To enhance, to keep going with courage another day.

In the beginning it was more or less a routine life,
Like most people, from nine to five.
But as time went by, working for myself,
Sometimes the goings was not too much fun,
But as they say, the show had to go on.

Being the boss meant shaping your own destiny, of course,
And many times I asked myself, am I a horse?

Then came the time when you know you are getting old.
And I stopped thinking of filling up the pot of gold.

No use of endangering my life, getting more and more,
For now the question came up, what am I looking for?

The golden years had arrived,
And the moaning and groaning became a daily refrain,
Looking for an easier life,
Accompanied by some worries, plus pain.

Yet I am facing it with a smile, as it may appear.
And to make it crystal clear,
That's what I am looking for my dear, without any fear.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Life it would seem is like a dream.

Suddenly we realize nothing is forever, temporary,
Everything is old, nothing new,
With all the things we are going through.

Constantly we are being reminded and told,
That our world is millions of years old.

Yet although it is the same remaining sky,
Life goes by so fast, like a blink of an eye.

It is not replaceable, to make it clear,
So let's cherish life while we are here.

We are trying to do everything so nice and fair,
Building Empires and castles in the air.

All over, now its here, next time it is there.

Sometimes creating for people such horrible conditions,
While going through life's constant transitions.

All the glittering things that we see today,
Means nothing when a dear life is taken away.

But we must find the courage to go on somehow.
This is what life is all about right now.

We must continue the dream with each passing day.
It is our obligation, our only way.

Love and understanding should be our aim,
If we want to survive,
Without it what is this world? What is life?

So let's think positive and put away our fears.
What is life? It is only a fraction,
Even when it lasts for a hundred years.

EMBRACING YOUR LIFE

Many times in your life you think, now and then,
What would you do if you would have to start again?

Would you turn around those years, months and days?
Would you have done everything in different ways?

Come to think of it, it doesn't matter at all,
Because life is either exciting or dull.

You are asking yourself, is this reality or an illusion?
And you always come to the same conclusion.

There is no magic tricks in life, without sacrifice.
And most of the time it's like building a castle on ice.

Sometimes in life hope seems to be so far away, so remote,
When rough, stormy waters is threatening to sink your boat.

Dark clouds around you, it's all that you see.
And you are ready to resign, saying what will be, will be.

Remember there is always a light at the tunnel's end.
So don't lose that ray of hope, this you must understand.

Your prayers will be answered, after walking that thin dangerous line.
And you will see again the bright sunshine.

Because after the storm, there is always a clear day.
And you will face the road ahead, come what may.

Face it with courage and you will experience real power.
You will walk straight and stand like a tall tower.

So do everything with pleasure and laughter.
And you will be happy today, tomorrow and ever after.

TIME IS FOREVER

As time goes by, I wonder more and more,
Will the sea ever stop pounding the shore?
Will the seasons change, and everything expand?
Or will humanity shrink like a grain of sand?

Will the circle continue as ever before?
As I wonder at the horizon, off-shore.

Once upon a time when I was a young man,
I felt the world was mine, now and then.

But now I am running out of time, facing reality,
Eroding and undermining my life's quality.

As time goes by, what do you see, when you look at me?
Is it destiny or just a creature coming from the sea?

Is it all diminishing, leaving without a trace?
Is this the future of the human race?

Although I understand it is getting late.
I will not let anyone bring down my faith.

Believing is power, and the spirit remains forever.
Submitting to the devil, means no hope, ever.

It means everything, everywhere will disappear,
Consumed by permanent freeze or blistering sun,
Far and near.

Abandoning love, embracing greed and hate.
This is what it means, when we loose our faith.

Then we are lost and confused, as the damage is done.
We are all losers, nobody has won.

Can you imagine what could happen here?
With our minds engulfed in darkness and fear.

Don't let this happen, as time passes by,
Life has to be preserved always, that is why.
Then love and peace will triumph forever.
So don't let this chance slip away, never.

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

They say, despite all the calamities and tribulations,
It is still a beautiful world, as you can see.
And there is no use to despair, what used to be.

Although we can not forget the time we had before,
But now many of us are so greedy by expecting more.

Life is going on day and night,
As we try to find the difference between wrong and right.

Many times it is so complicated, giving us a lot of distress,
Looking around the world and seeing such a mess.

But hope is to be upheld, as we are going along,
Otherwise we don't know where we belong.

I sit here and watch and wonder and wait,
I know that the time of life is getting late.

Yet I laugh and sing, which means I still do many things,
Looking for the days ahead, whatever it brings.

Hoping to enjoy this world with happy expectations,
Aiming at the future with favorable realizations.

This is a beautiful world,
Although there are lots of misunderstandings and strife,
So make the best of it, with your life.

There is so much that will bring a smile on your face,
And remember, this is our only living place.

I am sure there are many beautiful places, somewhere,
With people of all shades and colors to share.

So be happy and keep your spirits high.
Enjoy this beautiful world and you will reach the sky.

TEN U.S.PRESIDENTS

I think I deserve a medal, a gold star,
Because I have seen in the White House 10 presidents so far.

Of all the presidents, now and then,
I think that Harry Truman was the real man.

It is true.
His decision to drop the bomb ended World War II.

Then came Dwight D. Eisenhower, with real power,
Who came into the office like a giant tower.

After him this nation was still not perfected.
That is why John F. Kennedy was elected.
It was so tragic when he was assassinated then.
He seemed to be such a nice vigorous man.

Then came Lyndon Johnson, who was not too bad.
But he needed the Vietnam war, like a hole in the head.

After him came Richard Nixon, who sealed his own fate,
By making a little mistake with Watergate.

Then came into the office Gerald Ford,
Who played golf like a knight with his sword.

After him came Jimmy Carter, always smiling, saying please,
Instead of peanuts, he seemed always to say cheese.

Then Ronald Reagan took over the presidency.
He acted like a movie star, so brave, so fancy,
And sometimes he got a little help from his wife, Nancy.

Now all I can say about President Bush,
Is that he deserved a better push.

These days, our President Clinton has before him such a big task.
I say, let him finish the job, that's all I ask.

I hope to see presidents, a few more.
Then I will accomplish a perfect score.

Let's hope they will do things with perfection.
And lead us in the right direction.

HOW TO SMILE AND BE HAPPY

Happiness should be our daily routine.
Make it a part of your life, if you know what I mean.

It is essential, no matter where you are, here or there,
And don't worry if you didn't become a millionaire.

It is so vital to show a smiling face.
You could do it, anytime, anyplace.

Happiness is so easy to find.
So look for it, don't sit on your behind.

You can not be always sad.
You know it's not good for you, it's very bad.

This advice is very old, it's nothing new.
When you smile, the whole world smiles with you.

But when you are in pain and you cry,
You are alone, forgotten, you know why.

When the dark clouds gather around you, don't worry,
And don't feel for yourself so sorry.

Because afterwards the sun has to come out.
Look at the bright side, that's what it's all about.

To be happy, should be our priority number one.
So listen to the music and have fun.

Jump and dance a little, now and then.
Pick up you legs while you can.

And when you hear the sweet melody,
Move around to the sound, and swing,
Remember this is happiness, this is the real thing.

And there's nothing wrong when you sing a song.
Let's hear your voice, make a little noise.

Then look around you in all places,
And you will see only smiling faces.

You forgot how you came into this world, crying and naked,.
Try to be happy and I am sure you will make it.

May all the troubles leave you and disappear.
So smile and be happy, my dear.

HUGGING

Hugging is very healthy for you.
It is an old custom, nothing new.

If you have someone who is your best friend,
Keep hugging them constantly, do you understand?

Hugging is a natural rejuvenating thing.
If you do that all the time, you feel like a Queen or King.

It is so refreshing like a cool summer breeze,
And always remember when you hug, give a little squeeze.

But please, at the same time, never sneeze.

Usually a hug goes with a kiss.
So aim straight at the face, never miss.

When you hug people, always use both hands.
And never touch their rear ends.

Otherwise, if you do that, anytime, anyplace,
You might get a smack in your face.

To some people hugging is like an obsession.
But it surely reduces stress and cures depression.

I am telling you openly, straight and direct,
Hugging has never any unpleasant side effect.

If you feel like hugging someone in light of temptation,
Do it right away, this is my recommendation.

It is low energy consumption, it takes no special action.
I guarantee you complete satisfaction.

When you hug, you will never be a nervous wreck.
It is fully returnable, you will always get it back.

So take an invigorating walk, you will feel fine.
Give someone a hug, and say, the pleasure is mine.

Remember, it is better to keep each other hugging,
Than punching each other in the nose and slugging.

Hugging always goes with a smile.
That is why I hug my wife, once in a while.

But every time I hug her, she opens up her mouth,
And makes at me a big gevalt.

THE DEFINITION OF TIME

I am trying to give you the definition of time.
I like to write about it and also to rhyme.

Time means everything has a beginning and an end,
Something we are trying to understand.

There is a time to be born, and a time to die,
And we ask ourselves, why?

Time is the essence of everything, the seed.
It is the past, the present, the future, indeed.

According to Einstein, time is measured by distances, far or near.
Something we are trying to make clear.

Time is to grow up, to mature, to get old,
A lifetime story, which is always told.

There is a time when a tree is so tiny, so small,
Then it grows so big, so tall.

Time is when you see anyone, who is here,
But the next minute, might disappear.

Time is here with us since creation,
It gives us some kind of an explanation.

According to time everyone is displaying a reaction,
With certain emotion, or just a fraction.

To think about it and to be a little clever,
You will see that time is forever.

Time is everlasting, it is true.
And that's what I am trying to tell you.

We have witnessed in our time,
So much brutality and crime.

Now I am appealing to everyone, please,
For the time to come, when we will all live in peace.

DAY AND NIGHT

As I am walking and thinking in my sleepless nights,
Viewing from my window those flickering lights.

Watching the clouds above with the dark sky,
And those sparkling, twinkling stars, up there so high.

Sometimes the silvery moon is hiding, out of sight,
Other times it is right there, on a cloudless night.

But in the early morning hours,
When the sun's reflections are coming through,
You see shadows of mountains, red, white and blue.

It appears from the east, announcing the end of the night,
Revealing itself with a majestic, mysterious delight.

Moving higher and higher, while shining with pure gold,
To the endless horizons, bringing daylight, so bold.

And by the evening when the sun sets to the west, so slow,
Across the mountains and oceans, down below.

Bringing gray skies, indicating the end of the day,
The shadows are coming back, all the way.

And new, mysterious offerings are coming out,
Darkness is back here again, no doubt.

Then I am stepping over to my window, the usual place,
Watching the moon and the stars, reflecting in my face.

I grasp the moment, wondering about creation, once in a while,
Waiting patiently for the morning, to greet the sun again with a smile.

And while I recall the marvels, those views, and the things I see,
It is always with love and pride and that's what it means to me.
Happy to be alive and free.

Looking forward for many days and nights to come,
And where we all are coming from.

DON'T GIVE UP

When things sometimes go wrong and you get the blues,
Never give up, never say, this is it, I lose.

When you are the hardest hit, and you are ready to quit,

Try to achieve your goal by trying harder again,
And you will learn the effort pays, now and then.

When you experience failure to come about,
Gather your strength and fight it out.

Try to learn from the errors you have made in the past.
Don't let it make you sad, because you learned something, at last.

The disappointments will vanish, you had the other day.
When you look for it, you will find a better way.

It may help you to keep your head high,
And forget about yesterday, which made you cry.

It takes courage to overcome when you are low,
To give up is so easy, this we all know.

Don't keep asking yourself, what did I do wrong?
Always say, never mind, I will be strong.

Remember life is strange, and things sometimes change.

A battle has to be fought, now and then,
But you must say, oh yes, I think I can.

It's all a state of mind.
Your place in the world you must find.

Sooner or later you will win.
And your happiness will come from within.

So don't give up, have faith.
And as they say, it's never too late.

SMILE AND BE HAPPY

In the morning when the sun is rising, and you feel fine,
One thing occupies your mind, rise and shine.

There is nothing better to greet the day,
When you are showing a bright smile all the way.

A little happiness doesn't hurt, the least to say.

When you open your eyes, look for a colorful rainbow.
And you will see everything so bright, this I know.

And your mouth, it is not only to eat.
Look around you and you will meet someone to greet.

Start the day the right way, no excuses please.
I want to see love, happiness and peace.

Don't pay attention to bad things surrounding you.
This always was and will always be, it is nothing new.

There is a sparkling star pointing at you from the sky.
Don't look down, look up with hope, you know why.

Bring a little sunshine for everyone to see.
It is the best way, for you and me.

Life is short and you went through a lot, you know it.
So keep it going and don't blow it.

You have the best chance to make it happen and nice.
There is no better advice.

So talk to me more often, not just once in a while.
And when you see me, don't forget to smile,

SOUNDS OF LOVE

There are many sounds I heard throughout the years,
Some of them brought joy, others brought some fears.

Happy sounds are always welcome, they are burning bright.
Fearful sounds are overshadowed by the darkness of night.

Often in quiet times I hear the sounds which I adore,
Trying to forget the horrible sounds of war.

Is it a deep emotion? Or just a state of mind?
Or is it the sounds of love and peace, so hard to find?

I guess it is more than just the beauty of art,
More powerful than anything else, from the start.

I will never hesitate to listen to those sounds, somehow,
Because I know the difference between then and now.

And as I hear those little sounds throughout the day,
Facing them bravely, come what may.

The smiles, the joy, the songs it always sings,
The love, the happiness it always brings.

Wondering if ever, it will stay with me, now and then,
The dreams, the hopes come true, back again.

I will always welcome your knocking at my door,
Taking me to places, I have never been before.

Show me, in your mind of what you feel inside,
And I will pursue the reality, my feelings I cannot hide.

I am captivated by the sounds of love, so very strange, yet so very real,
This is my dream and this is how I feel.

Wanting to be a part of it, which is never too late,
I would rather listen to the sounds of love than to the sounds of hate.

SPACE EXPLORATION

In the beginning of this Century,
The Wright brothers made history, starting aviation.
And now we are engaged in space exploration.

They were the first humans to learn how to fly.
Now we are trying to be the masters of the sky.

It was Einstein who gave us the first lessons of gravity in space,
And because of that, we know where we are,
And our world is located in the right place.

As we know already, and we are being told,
That our earth is millions of years old.

But now, it all happened so soon,
Astronauts already have visited the moon.

They are also planning to visit Mars,
And perhaps some distant stars.

Space is a new challenge, a new frontier to explore.
We are learning about it, as never before.

Our own planet earth is in the Milky Way.
And the distance is thousands of light years away.
Perhaps space travel is possible some day.

There is so much to learn from space exploration.
It will surely benefit every nation.

Who knows? Perhaps there is life somewhere, out there.
Maybe we are not alone in our own atmosphere.

The only way to discover and to find out,
Is to explore what space is all about.

Space is mostly dark, as the darkest night.
But there is always the sun, shining so bright.

FANTASTIC JOURNEY

Once as I could not sleep on a clear summer night,
I went out on the balcony, gazing at the stars with it's shining light.

While watching the magnificent, awesome night sky,
I asked myself, what does it all mean? And who am I?

Then something happened to me, I don't know how and why?

I tried to find a logical answer to all things around me.
There must be a reason to everything I see.

Perhaps I am a part of evolution, of my being here.
Or is it all a dream which will eventually disappear?

Wondering and pondering while sitting in that chair,
I was thinking if it has all to do with the Universe, up there.

Then all of a sudden, a huge majestic light came straight at me from space.
It looked like something or someone, but I could not see a face.

I felt, I was uplifted, taken out from my place.

In a matter of seconds, I was racing through the Universe, that night.
It was unbelievable, traveling with the speed of light.

Then the dark space opened and it became so bright.

Not knowing if it was night or day,
In seconds I was many light-years away.

Like a thousand suns shining, impossible to understand,
Everywhere colorful rainbows, with such a fantastic blend.

Could it be that my journey came to an end?

Then all of a sudden came lightning, thunder, with so much noise,
And I heard the calling of a most powerful voice.

I was asked to identify myself and the place I came from, loud and clear,
Giving my name and mentioning planet earth, I said it with so much fear.

Then I was told, I was a case of mistaken identity.
And I still had time before entering Eternity.

I was sent back where I came from, after a while,
And I greeted it with a bright smile.

I was wondering, was I dreaming, or was it a nightmare?
Is it possible, I was not here, but over there?

Or was it something which came into my head?
I became so tired, I went back to bed.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

There she is, standing so tall,
A symbol of liberty to all.

Holding the torch of freedom so high,
Greeting the humble masses and everyone else, that is why.
The biggest statue of welcome in the sky.

They came from all over running away from persecution,
To this land of liberty and a new Constitution.

They met the golden sun, with a shine so bright,
And in their heart a sweet delight.

They settled from sea to shining sea,
With the only hope and desire to be free.

To start a new life, a new beginning,
As the buffalo rumbled, and the birds were singing.

From east to west, north to south, they settled this land,
Working so hard to achieve something and to understand.

They were always striving for better, more and more,
As opportunity was knocking at their door.

Building a nation of liberty and justice for all,
Where everyone could walk so proud, so tall.

And everyone is treated equal and fair,
That is why the Statue of Liberty is standing there.

A nation of every religion, color, creed, so young,
Becoming a champion of Democracy, so strong.

Where most people would like to be,
To live, to be happy, including you and me.

And they are still coming from everywhere,
Because of the freedom in the air.

SMILE, IT'S GOOD FOR YOU

They say, an apple a day, keeps the doctor away.

But it is most certainly true,
That smiling is good for you.
And you will be surprised what a smile could do.

It will help in many ways, like never before,
It could make easier any pain and so much more.

Sometimes when life seems to be harsh and unfair,
And dark clouds gather upon you from everywhere.

When your life is in danger, on every winding road,
When the going is rough, you can not carry this load.

And you try to go ahead, to struggle through,
You will be surprised what a smile could do for you.
It could brighten your days, make the skies blue.

It could disperse the gloomy clouds, the horizons so gray,
It could bring sunshine your way.

When you feel abandoned, forsaken, the days and nights,
so lonely, so long,
When you need someone, somewhere, to keep you strong,
And even the birds are not singing their song.

When the world is so dismal and you are trying to do
everything anew,
You will be surprised what a smile could do for you.

So keep smiling, it is good for you, everyone will say,
You will keep your head high, day after day.

It will make you happy, and someone else too,
That's what a smile could do for you.

So open up your mouth, wide, once in a while,
And show the world how you could smile.

SERENITY

There is some serenity in our older years,
And some of us deserve more than just cheers.
No use to shed now bitter tears.

We have witnessed many upheavals in our life,
Gigantic storms and bitter strife.

Now our muscles and bones are aching, asking to be soothed with care,
With worries, irritations, hard to bear.

The wrinkles, the lines on my drenched face,
Here is my destination, here is my place.

I once followed my obligations, the call of my heart,
Trying to be a hero, and to be smart.

And now I am continuing my daily destiny,
Facing it with tenderness and serenity.

To share with those we love, our core,
Which is our sustenance, and so much more.

I can accept myself the way I am now,
And I could live with it somehow.

Because my illusions are the reality, nothing less,
A silent witness of nature's process.
Enough of the pain, and all the stress,
Why not embrace a little happiness?

Gently I am facing day after day,
I am silent, but there is so much to say.

We have so much to give, in our transformations,
Perhaps something to learn, for the future generations.

To live with the memories, which lasts an eternity,
And I am offering you now, my love, my serenity.

I am craving so much to walk that extra mile,
And all I want, is to see you smile.

SAVE THE WORLD

I follow the sun, I am chasing a distant star.
I am sailing the oceans, near and far.

I am admiring this world of ours,
With those marvelous creatures, beautiful flowers.

The mountains, the rivers, the lakes, so nice,
It is our home, our only Paradise.

In the depth of the forest, where the bird has its nest,
Singing it's song, high up in the tree,
It is for you and me, to hear and see.

It is nature's symphony, with beauty peace and harmony.
Since the dawn of creation and serenity,
It is destined to continue for eternity.

Like the bouncing of raindrops, hitting the treetops,
Bringing life in every season,
That is why we have to save it, that's the reason.

But we are abusing terribly our precious land,
Polluting the worst way our environment.
Poisoning the air, we all breathe,
And destroying so many trees.

If we will let it go, we face extinction, turning day into night,
With no hope, no future in sight.

So let us all do our share, our part,
Otherwise we will have to begin from the start.

This is our only place, I hope you know,
There is no other place where to go.

This world is ours, for you and me,
So let's preserve it, save it, to live happy and free.

SAILING THE STORMY SEA

I was once sailing the ocean, one among many others,
On a gentle breeze, blue skies and calm waters.

I would see the horizon as far as I could,
Surrounded by vastness, astonished, in a hopeful mood.

The sun, the sky, the ocean in this unbelievable domain,
Thinking this always was, this will always remain.

The sun rising and setting, with the future on my mind,
Wondering if somewhere, someplace happiness I could find.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the big dark clouds came,
And everything changed, nothing was the same.

A strong wind started blowing in our faces,
Even in the most remote places.

It was closing in more and more, as never before.

My life in danger, my life is at stake,
The ship swaying on all sides, maybe it will break.

A huge storm is upon us, fearing we all might drown.
There is no rescue in sight, we might all go down.

Trying to stand, I always tumbled and fell.
The world around me a real Hell.

Oh dear God, we need help, to stop this terrible typhoon.
Please make it happen, and make it soon.

There is no time, we can not wait.
In a while it might be too late.

Many perished on this voyage, the end I could see now.
But I was clinging to life, and survived, I don't know how.

I will always remember that voyage and never forge,
I was so close between life and dead.

And finally I was rescued at my last minute of breath.

This world is beautiful, so nice for you and me,
Only when you sail in sunshine, on a calm sea.

SUNSHINE

I have seen a lot in my lifetime, so far,
While turning another page in history, trying to reach a distant star.

Our past is the same, yours and mine,
Facing the future with a hopeful sign.

I have never dreamed to witness so much, to see,
But now at least, thank God, I am alive and free.

While trying to proceed, with only good dreams ahead,
But always remembering the bad and the sad.

Gone are the days of the brown beast,
Which left a mark on our lives, to say the least.

And I will never forget that dreadful day,
When the power to live, to hope, was taken away.

A tragedy in this Century beyond imagination,
Tell it as it was to the future generation.
Tell them everything all about,
And they will remember it, no doubt.

They tried to intimidate, to eliminate us, for all time,
While the world in the last minute, halted this crime.

And now after seeing so much misery, and also some wealth,
Nothing else is so important than our health.

So let's try to hope and pray, in so many ways,
To bring before us only bright days.

Like the dark clouds, which are bringing us rain,
And afterwards the emerging sunshine, easing our pain.

And no matter who you are, where you are, anyplace,
Let's try to show each other a smiling face.

I will always remember the past, yours and mine,
As we all should always welcome the bright sunshine.

NUCLEAR AGE

Since the first atomic explosion at the end of the second world war,
This world of ours is not the same anymore.

For now humanity knows, what nuclear disaster brings.
It destroys around the world all living things.

This horror is on everyone's mind, day and night.
It gives us so much fright.

We are afraid for nuclear weapons to spread and to get into the wrong
hands.
For this means, life as we know it ends.

Every day we hear about nuclear missiles, rockets, a terrible weapon.
If someone would use it, I am afraid to think what could happen.

We have to stop it, we can not afford to fail.
Because it could be used for pure blackmail.

If every country would start a nuclear weapons production,
This would surely bring mass destruction.

It should be under strict international control,
And it should be forbidden to use it at all.

Let's not rip this world apart,
Because we can not afford a new start.

Why should we destroy this world of ours?
With all those wonderful things and beautiful flowers.

We have the option to make our world a real nice place,
And bring a smile on everyone's face.

So let's contain and stop this horrible disease,
And as for nuclear weapons, may they rest in peace.

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE OLD?

When you say, I am fine but everything hurts inside.

When you cannot find your keys, especially a key hole.

When you look in the refrigerator and forget what you are looking for.

When you need glasses, to find your glasses.

When the lights are on and you still can not see.

When your little address book is full of names ending in M.D.

When you open up your mouth and it stays open.

When you hear noises, and you think someone is talking to you.

When you are talking to yourself and don't know what you are saying.

When your children begin to look middle aged.

When your grandchildren are taller than you are.

When you sink your teeth into a bagel and they stay there.

When you sit in a rocking chair and need help to get up.

When your knees buckle trying to walk.

Those are just a few signs to let you know you are old.

The rest you will find out by yourself as I am constantly being told.

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN

Reminding you, when freedom and opportunity knocks at your door,
When you find the things you are looking for,

Start counting your blessings, one, two, five, ten, twelve,
You found hope, happiness, looking at yourself.

Cherish it with all your might, wisdom and special care,
There is sunshine any place you turn, everywhere.

Facing the future with courage and happy thrills,
Leaving behind your fears, worries and your chills.

As twinkling stars and the sun shining so bright,
And in your heart is a sweet delight.

Say, thank you God for answering my prayer,
But don't forget the time of anguish and despair.

You still need the blessing with courage to go on,
And you will experience, plain old-fashioned fun.

Whatever you think, whatever you want to do,
Always believe dreams do come true.

There is freedom in your heart and faith in you,
With no dark clouds around you and the sky clear blue.

Promise in the future to keep your inspiration,
Because this is what I call jubilation.

And when you see how at dusk the sun does set,
Your kindness, love and care, you will never forget.

So walk briskly, looking forward with a steady pace,
And show everybody a cheerful face.

Just to remind you, that miracles do happen once in a while,
And this is the best reason to be happy and to smile.

THERE IS HOPE

The purpose of my writings is to expose the naked truth.
Starting first from the time of my innocent youth.

To show what life is all about, was my desire.
About a world once engulfed in blood, sweat and fire.

Of a time when only hate was the rule, with slavery,
Misery and people to disperse,
As I am trying now everything to put on paper, in verse.

This was a time when love and compassion was forgotten.
Ruled by people who were so brutal, so vicious so rotten.

Then after the big storm, like an orphan taken by the hand,
Showing me where to find the Promised Land.

With my heart so empty, trying to comply and to cope,
Everything was lost, but there was still some hope.

Diligently I followed the trace of a decisive plan.
Maybe there is a better future for fellow man.

There was a miracle, a heartwarming pleasant surprise.
I saw the sun rising again, through my tired eyes.

Although feeling so lonesome, eager for freedom, for happiness,
so to speak,
But for a new start, a new beginning, I did seek.

My slogan was, I am not giving up, forward I will walk.
I am still not writing my Epilogue.

Happiness is my priority, that's the way I feel.
For me there is not a better deal.

I care what others do or think.
Because this is our binding, our strongest link.

I don't measure life by the amount of gold,
And I think there is still hope, while getting old.

STILL I BELIEVE

If you look at the pages of history,
You will see that life is not so much of a mystery.

There was always violence, prejudice, hate and race,
As those same things now, we must face.

Surviving immeasurable sufferings of a time before,
A never ending story and so much more.

Yet now, after all, still I believe.

When fate seemed to be so unreal, so unfair,
When I saw so much injustice and pain everywhere,

When the threatening clouds blocked the sky,
The days so dark,
When hope was not there, not even a spark,

When the only thing on my mind was to struggle through,
Yet, you will be surprised what believing will do.

It helps, even when you are barely alive,
And I was there, when freedom finally did arrive.

When life seemed so hard to retrieve,
Yet after all, still I believe.

When you look for courage to take you through your worst fears,
And you wait with patience, until the sky clears,

Remember there is one way to carry your heavy load,
At every turn, in life's winding road,

You must follow your dream, you must have faith,
Without it, everything is too late.

Those visions will always prevail, everywhere, far or near,
That is why, still I believe, my dear.

LIVE AND LEARN

After my retirement I decided to uncover my past
And my present, on a certain day,
Writing poetry about my life, in verse, if I may.

About the bad times and the good times, I went through,
To reveal, to share those memories with you.

Because life is like a roller coaster, going up and down,
Sometimes facing it with fear and sometimes you are a clown.

It was a vision, a sun-filled dream for me,
An inspiration's force to go ahead, as you can see.

To live and learn what life is all about,
Perhaps somehow to benefit from it, no doubt.

To find hope and happiness in the days ahead,
To learn how to take the future, good or bad.

To show love and peace, like once I knew before,
And also going through a time of a terrible war.

But now my aim is to seek happiness, this is always for me,
And to remind you that life is worth living, being free.

Let the dreams in your heart grow strong, every day,
Let it give you wisdom in everything you do and say.

Once you understand it, you will definitely know,
That life could be so pure and whiter than snow.

It could be so refreshing like a mountain stream,
When you pursue it, it makes your eyes gleam.

And it will be like accomplishing a dream.

So face the world with love and a bright smile,
Because this is your best bet, your best style.

Meanwhile walk with your chin up and pray,
And you will get all God's blessings,
That's all I can say.

PART III

HUMOR

One day I went to a bar for a drink.
But somehow the whole thing, became a big stink.

I was served by a topless barmaid,
She so young and me so old,
I told her, why don't you put on something,
You are going to catch a cold?

So she answered me, so nice and cool,
Shut up, you old fool.

You can only look and see,
But don't you ever touch me.

I said, I didn't mean anything, my dear,
So she said, get your ass out of here.

She insulted me, so I took her to court,
And I told the judge the whole story,
He said to me, don't worry.

Don't you see? She did the same thing to me.

I was there one evening, very late,
And I was trying to make with her a date.

I didn't make from this a whole case,
Even when she slapped my face.

It happens now and then
So you try someplace else again.

I told the judge, Your Honor, she insulted me,
It never happened to me before,
So he said, if you go often to bars like me,
You are going to get some more.

Believe me, nothing is missed,
Go home, case dismissed.

LOBO, THE CIRCUS CLOWN

Everyone is so happy, because the circus arrived in town,
Especially the children, jumping up and down.
They want to see the animals and Lobo the clown.

People standing in line for the big show,
Filling up the big tent, row by row.

Then the announcer comes out, with his whistle, so loud,
Trying to keep quiet this huge crowd.

After keeping down the noise, he raises his voice,
Ladies and gentlemen and children of all ages,
Here comes the most fearsome man, the most courageous.

Who will subdue the wild animals, one by one,
To be near them is not too much fun.

He is taming the lions, the tigers, no doubt,
And everyone is watching with an open mouth.

Then the acrobats were walking on a high wire.
They even jumped through a ring of fire.

Performing tricks in the air, flying around everywhere.

But the most applause and recognition,
The people gave to the jugglers and the magician.

Then everyone was in for a special treat,
Watching the elephants and horses dancing on two feet.

Everyone was amazed to see a big brown bear,
Dancing and riding a bike, here and there.

But the funniest and biggest attraction,
Was Lobo the clown, with his funny action.

So clumsy, with a big red nose and large ears,
Everyone was laughing, while Lobo was crying, in tears.

Because the dogs were running after him, biting his behind,
A more funnier clown, you will never find.

Everyone was going home so happy, after the show,
Especially the children, they liked Lobo so much, if you want to know.

DRUGS AND MELVIN LEROY

Melvin Leroy was a very cute little boy.
He always liked to play with any toy.

His parents were trying to raise him fair and straight.
And they put in him all their efforts with good faith.

But when Melvin grew up, he started the wrong way,
Because he was hooked up on drugs, every day.

He became addicted to it, and restless all the time.
Many times he was involved in some crime.

He ruined his whole future, his whole life,
Always living on the edge of a knife.

He could have been, like any other useful, productive man.
But he refused to be helped, now and then.

He lost his own respect, dignity, his self esteem,
He always lived, like in a bad dream.

When he once looked in a mirror, someplace,
He didn't even recognize his own face.

He was not a human anymore.
He didn't look the same as before.

Sick in his body, and losing his mind,
Trying to find himself, which he couldn't find.

By the time he realized what he did, to his fate,
It was a little too late.

Melvin Leroy, the once cute little boy,
Now knows, what it means a life to destroy.

So please, listen what I have to say,
From drugs, you better stay away.
It's the most dangerous tool of destruction, today.

Drugs have evil power,
It will destroy and kill you by the hour.

My message to you is simple and so true.
Don't you see, what drugs can do to you?
Say no to drugs, and you will be happy again.
Be yourself, be a real man.

DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE

This is the story of Harry, he was so young,
His trouble was, he was always drunk.

He was driving a Rolls Royce,
And he always made so much noise.

He was a victim of drunken driving, his own fatality,
And when he arrived in Heaven, he found there equality.

He met there many drunken drivers, who should not drive,
They could have all been still alive.

When they asked him up there, why did you drive,
while drinking alcohol?
He said, I don't know, I don't remember at all.

Do you know what was his trouble?
Harry always liked the alcohol bubble.

He was drinking day and night,
Always getting involved in a fight.

He should have been kept off the road,
Because he had troubles a whole load.
It was too dangerous to let him drive,
It's like giving a murderer a knife.

So many people are getting injured by drunken drivers,
It's a real shame,
So many accidents are on them to blame.

To tell you the truth, I would say,
Any drunken driver, should have their license taken away.

If you want to drink, stay home, don't go any place.
You will save yourself a lot of trouble, just in case.

So if you want to stay alive, don't drink and drive.
Keep it in your mind, a better solution you will never find.

I WILL NEVER COMPLAIN

I am not trying to be smart or clever,
But the way I see it, nothing is forever.

Speaking of my life, now and before,
I am not going to complain anymore.

Going through my life, always trying and hoping for better,
Passing through rough seas and very stormy weather.

At my present time, looking ahead, life is fair,
And I have no regrets for not becoming a millionaire.

Because no matter how much money I have in the bank,
The bottom line is always blank.

As I am trying to live day by day,
I have no special demands, so to say.

I can not take it with me anyway.

Because what is life all about?
To be always happy, healthy, no doubt.

The only thing in the world, which is fair,
Is that no one can take anything, over there.

It's justice for all, that's for sure,
You are treated just the same, rich or poor.

So you might as well enjoy life while you are here,
There is nothing better, my dear.

I am talking to you simple things, very plain,
And from now on, I promise, I will never complain.

SOCIAL SECURITY

When I reached the age of sixty five,
I had a little misunderstanding with my wife.

I said to her, now since I reached maturity,
It is time to collect Social Security.

But she said to me, you deserve more than that, you have no mobility.
That is why, in your case you deserve disability.

So I went to their office and I told them,
I am not perfect, I am disabled enough,
So they gave me a big laugh, from the whole staff.

When I came back home to my wife, she was very mad.
She said, why didn't you use your head ?

They are supposed to check out your condition,
Because something is wrong with your ignition.

And let me mention,
You deserve a big pension.

So I went back to them, the same day.
After checking out my whole body, I was approved right away.

They told me not to worry and not to come back.
They will send to my home the disability check.

But my wife is not satisfied, she doesn't like it at all.
She said, the check is much too small.

So I told her, oh yes, you gave me now a good idea,
Many, many thanks,
From now on, my new profession will be robbing banks.

Maybe then you will be happy.
So she said, go ahead, make it fast, make it snappy.

RETIREMENT

The day you retire is the most important in your life.
You decide to stay home alone or to be with your wife.

You were always working for many years like a horse,
But now, you are finding out, staying home is even worse.

A whole day you hear, do this, do that, around the house.
Many times you want to hide like a mouse.

You are afraid of becoming senile, loosing your mind,
While your wife thinks, a better horse than you she will never find.

You become a yes man, day by day,
Whatever she says, you say okay.

Not only that, many times she will make you crazy,
And she keeps saying you are lazy.

Every time she keeps calling you by a different name,
It's not darling or honey anymore, its not the same.

I keep thinking, why did I retire so early in my life?
Why can't I work at least to ninety five?

I am warning you, don't rush to retire.
It is so dangerous like playing with fire.

Stay on your job as long as you can,
And come home occasionally, now and then.

Be smart, this is the only thing you got,
And when they call you names, so what?

I decided I will say to my wife, loud and clear,
Honey, I am going back to work tomorrow, my dear.

So you do the same and don't fear.

A DREAM ABOUT HEAVEN

On a certain night, when I was sleeping with such fright,
I had a bad dream, a nightmare.
I dreamt, I was there, you know where.

There was a long line of people at heavens gate.
There he was, St. Peter, with a long beard, so great.

Greeting everyone, dressed in a long robe of blue,
Extending his hand, he said to me, I know you.

Welcome to heaven, feel like home, feel free,
And I said, who me?

Then I was given a long form to fill out, question after question,
I got such a terrible headache, with acid indigestion.

The Angels told me, don't worry, you have always been nice.
Your place is in Paradise.

But the devils were running around me, saying, well,
You are getting a one way ticket to hell.

Then I came before the highest Tribunal, and I was asked,
Did you ever commit a crime in your time?

And I said without blinking an eye, this is not a lie,
Heavenly Father, I didn't even kill a fly.

After giving my identity, my name,
He said to me, there was a little mistake, what a shame.

It was a little misunderstanding indeed.
I was sent back on a flying saucer, with unbelievable speed.

Then I woke up in a startling daze, and I felt something was leaking.
I said to myself, thank God, I am still alive and kicking.

MY SPECIAL PROFESSION

I am what you might call, an all around man.
I do all kinds of things, now and then.

My profession is very well known.
I only have to use the ten fingers of my own.

I do my job with precision.
I make my own decision.

I perform my job efficiently with skill.
It gives me such a thrill.

Wherever I go, there is so much to do.
Being trustworthy, reliable, well, that's not so true.

And if I were you, I would be more careful too.

I am a specialist, I do things like magic.
Some people call it tragic.

For me, every door is open, I don't have to knock.
I know the combination of every lock.

I specialize in diamonds, jewelry, watches, rings,
Those kind of expensive things.

I don't believe in buying it, that's not for me.
Why should I? I can get it for free.

When I visit all over the world, meeting people, with greetings and kissing,
Soon afterwards, they finding out that something is missing.

My profession is the best.
Everyone is my guest.

No one will convince me and say,
That crime does not pay.

By the time you look around, I am off far away.
I am doing it every day.

They call me a thief, but that's not true.
I only borrow certain things from you.

I borrow from your pocket, your jacket, from your fingers, your neck,
And I am just forget to give it back.

THE MYSTERIOUS WITCH

No one knows how she came to our town.
It looked like she came straight from the sky down.

No one knows how she appeared in our peaceful place,
With such a frightful, scary, ugly face.

She was always carrying a big stick.
She said, I could do with it any trick.

Some people would even swear,
Seeing her flying on a broom in the air.

With her sharp witty eyes and long pointy nose,
She really looked like a witch, one of those.

When the full moon came out at midnight,
That's the time when everyone was hiding in fright.
She was cursing anyone in sight.

For the children she put on such a scare.
When they saw her, they scattered everywhere.

She always walked the streets after dark.
And every dog in town started to bark.

She was always afraid of any light,
Especially for the sun, shinning so bright.
And no one could tell, what is around her that foul smell.

A smoke always came out from her chimney, up in the sky.
She was always boiling a big pot, no one knew why?

With her scary, sharp looking eyes,
She even scared away the mice.

Surrounded by several black cats, everywhere she went,
A real mysterious creature, hard to comprehend.

Wearing a long black robe, carrying several bags,
Her clothes, dirty, filthy, only rags.

She had always something to tell,
About the burning fire in Hell.

Then one day she disappeared completely, no one knew, how and when,
And since then, everyone in town was happy again.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

As the world turns, a fire in my heart burns.

A burning internal flame, and my heart is not the same.

As I get weak and old, I was told,
That I must find the Fountain of Youth,
Where there is the only truth.

To keep me forever young and strong,
And that's where I belong.

Like Ponce de Leon, I am looking for that fountain,
Crossing every road, every mountain.

This is my only desire.
I have to find it, to extinguish that fire.
Even if I have to destroy the whole Inca Empire.

And when I find it, I will be young forever,
Getting old and gray, never.

Then I will return to my King and Queen.
And show them eternal life, if you know what I mean.

I will be a hero, like Cortez or Simon Bolivar,
And I will reach that distant star.

I will bring to the world the glory of Spain.
But right now in my heart, there is so much pain.

So until I find that Fountain of Youth, no other,
Can someone please give me a glass of water.

Because this fire keeps burning inside me, without a stop,
And so far, I found a stinky lake with lots of mosquitoes on top.

A STRANGER FROM PARADISE

Not too long ago, while I was drinking my cup of tea,
Something extraordinary happened to me.

I heard somebody knocking at the door,
So I jumped up straight on the floor.

And I asked, who is there?
I heard a voice so clear, so fair.

I looked out through the hole to see a face.
And I saw a creature from outer space.

A funny looking stranger,
He looked like the Lone Ranger.

I asked again, who is he?
So I was told, never mind, you are coming with me.

I don't know why, but I opened the door very slow,
This creature came in, and said, let's go.

I said, I am not dressed, I am in my underwear,
He said, that's good enough over there.

Then I asked, where are we going, so polite and nice,
And he said, straight to Paradise.

I said, please leave me alone, I am not going anyplace.
So he said, if this is the case,
I am not going back either, and this is true,
I am moving in here with you.

I said, to me this is something new.
He said to me too, and that's the way I will do.
You got yourself a new friend,
Let's not talk about it, that's the end.

When he tried to give me a kiss and a hug,
I hit him in the head with my mug.

Then all of a sudden I woke up sweating, full of steam,
And I realized that this was only a dream.



About the Author

This is Paul Bleicher's first published book of poetry. He is no stranger however to listeners of his poetry. His writings reflect remembrance, hope and happiness.

This book reflects a variety of many experiences in Paul's life; good and bad. It is bound to bring a message to future generations for a better world to be.

Paul and his wife Fay live in Hollywood, Florida since their retirement.

